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THE UNATTAINABLE.

But only once, my muse, sing strains most true!—
I loved thee strongly as thou didst bestow
Such feelings—pains—that made my heart o'erflow.
My fancy's wing grows weak while I pursue
The towering goal. And as the ocean's blue
But lightly heaves, with wondrous life below,
Our hearts, in endless strife and fev'rish glow,
Reveal of countless hopes and yearnings few.

Fantastic forms, adorned with grace and light,
Enticingly in numbers me surround.
Intent to reach ambition's prize, by flight
They frustrate all my hopes and sadly sound
Like straying strains the soul's last songs ere night.—
The dream was mine—its promise never found.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

“INDUSTRY NEEDS NOT WISH.”

CLASS ORATION.

Another year has completed its course since we last assembled here within these walls on a similar occasion. The days of leisure and freedom from study which followed that parting hour rapidly glided away and with joyous hearts we gathered beneath the sheltering roof of St. Joseph's, to spend another year with the “mighty minds of old.” It seemed as though we had hardly left the threshold of that bright September month when the year was already far spent. After long and earnest struggling we reached the golden summit. Each hour was measured by the tinkling of the bell, and each day was ended by dreams in fairyland. Thus the time sped fast, though steadily, and the long desired goal was reached 'mid cheers and jubilee. Again we have assembled here to express our kind wishes at the parting of our friends and comrades, but for some of us it will be the last adieu. Being about to leave these sacred walls, we find ourselves standing on the threshold of the world, and gazing into the unfathomable, the future, we see a deep gulf opening at our feet and in the distance the huge mountains rise before us, while we are in the midst of one mighty chaos. As we linger long, pondering over the future, the thought forces itself upon our mind, “will our path in life be smooth and unimpeded, or will we only after repeated strug-

gles attain our destined end?" Before we attempt to answer this question, let us visit in spirit the banks of the Tiber, and cast our eyes across the water's deep. What is it that commands our earnest attention? Is it the rolling billows, the angry winds, that fix us to the spot? No! their moaning sounds have no terrors for us, we are not even aware of their presence. But glancing across the river's blue expanse an object, almost hidden by the rising mists, meets our anxious gaze. We strain our visual organs to ascertain the approaching object and soon we see tiny arms extending above the surging waves. The waves and the tempest are more propitious than human hearts and gently they deposit two beings on the land. We stand in amazement as two infants are washed ashore, but who would have surmised that they were destined to become the founders of illustrious Rome? Could it have entered our mind that from such insignificant means would rise that gorgeous city, the mistress of the world? But while our senses are lost in admiration of her grandeur and magnificence, we hear the words sounding in our ear, "*Rome was not built in one day.*" The history of this city is peculiarly interesting to us, for it is a striking parallel of those who have beaten their way through the narrow passes and intricacies of life, and have reached by different routes the goal of fame and success. Those who have fought the battles and won the victories have prompted our ambition, and we ask 'what was the secret of their success?' The answer that we receive is 'diligence and industry.' Diligence is the

philosopher's stone that turns everything into gold. It is the characteristic that has marked the career of those who were carried away by lofty and noble aspirations, who have reached the pinnacle of greatness. But they were not always permitted to walk in the sunshine of life, nor did they find their path strewn with flowers. Not unfrequently did they find themselves in a most inextricable labyrinth, not knowing whither to turn their wavering steps. But in all these perils, courage tempered by prudence and diligence, forced its way to the front and crushing indolence and appealing to noble ambition, succeeded in routing the forces led on by despair and shielded under the shadows of despondency. However well these men have succeeded, however great their ingenuity, it was only by constant application and by diligent co-operation that they have been able to live the highest and noblest life, and that they succeeded in erecting a grand monument of their exalted deeds. We too, my friends, if we wish to tread in the footsteps of these great men, to be once admitted into their circles, must clothe ourselves with the robes of diligence. We dare not stand idle, nor linger by the wayside while fortune flies rapidly before us, carrying on its wings golden treasures, which it would cheerfully offer us, would we but grasp them. Though the future with all its promises lies before us, showing us the path we must tread in life, pointing out the pitfalls and stumblings of others, and revealing to us the stone under which lies the hidden treasure, unless we are more than mere

spectators, all these will be but so many painted scenes. It will avail us nothing to consume our lives in hoping. Here we feel the significance of Franklin's words when he says, "Industry needs not wish; he that lives on hope will die fasting." Have we not, fellow-students, frequently experienced their truth? How often did we not sit musing over our books, wishing that by a single effort we could make their entire contents our own? And how did all our other fond anticipations fare? They came as figments and as such they departed. What we have added to our possessions has been acquired only through our most strenuous exertions. Chance has not enriched our endowments. Hence, industry is the only safe guide on whom we can rely for success. But should this daunt our courage? Shall we drop our weapons and flee, because we cannot conquer without striking a resolute blow? or will wishing perhaps aid us? Wishes are but empty vessels from which nothing real can accrue to the wisher. "*Industry needs not wish.*" Strifes may be long and severe, falls frequent, and the goal far away; yet all that lies within the sphere of intellectual endowments can be obtained by the hand of industry. Prosperity and industry go hand in hand. The former is the effect of which the latter is the cause. To convince ourselves of this we need but unfold the pages of history. Look at the Persian empire under Cyrus and Darius I. They fostered with energy all industry and art, and the blessings of health and happiness visited the homes of all. Fortune smiled upon them, they were

prosperous in peace and victorious in war. But what was the condition of that same Persian empire about eighty years later, when indolence took possession of that people? When Xerxes with more ambition than prudence crossed the sea with countless hordes of Persians and filled Greece with his legions? Their number might have stricken with terror the most formidable foe; but they were mowed down like grass by a few sturdy Greeks. Persia lived some years longer, but it needed only one stroke of the Macedonian Conqueror to crush that once so mighty empire.

Let us turn a few more pages and read the history of Rome. It requires no peculiar keenness of vision to see that industry opened wide the avenue to progress and civilization. Industry laid low the mountains, rounded the precipices, and pointing out the fords of the rivers, fortified Rome on those heights which few nations have been able to scale. But if their progress was astonishing, their subsequent decline was rapid, when indolence, seizing the scepter, placed vice and corruption upon the imperial throne.

The nations of antiquity, indeed, speak in powerful languages of the rich fruits of industry, but the present time can adduce living proofs that stand as witnesses to the beneficent influence which it exercises upon man's spiritual and material wellbeing. To satisfy our curiosity let us take a ramble into the busy and untiring world, and we will see that, where industry has sowed her seed, the obnoxious germs of vice are suffocated. Not the man blessed with riches and ho-

nors is the happiest, it is not the man upon whom nature has bestowed an abundance of favors that is the most contented; but it is he who is able to expel idleness from beneath his roof, he who knows how to obtain by toil his daily sustenance. His lot may be cast in lowly walks of life, but that peace and contentment which his diligence has awarded him he would not barter for all the honors of kings and emperors.

When we reflect upon our college days and call to mind the many happy hours, what is it that affords us true genuine pleasure? It is the remembrance of those hours spent at our desk, battling with our books. These alone have stamped themselves indelibly upon our mind and will ever remain pleasant recollections and unfading memories. Let us, therefore, listen to the sweet song of diligence, lend a willing ear to her words of promise, and bend submissively to her admonitions; for she will fear no hardships to obtain for us a brilliant victory.

WILLIAM HORDEMAN, '00.



FAREWELL SONG.

FAREWELL, O Muse, my voice is spent;
My harp, though dear, sounds oft, I fear,
Some chords unpleasant to thy ear;
Still honest work I can't repent.

For steep are old Parnassus' heights,
Unfirm my pace, not fit to grace
The halls of the Olympic race
That soars above the common lights.

But little birds on weaker wing
Take lower flight and still alight
As glad as larks from heaven's height
And always happy songs they sing.

The stars are not all suns above,
But planets too, that serve to view
With greater joy the heaven's blue;
Their paler light speaks greater love.

Is work of love a labor vain?
Wilt thou me spurn because I turn
To thee, and for thy love I yearn;
In nobler pleasures seek my gain?

Farewell then, Muse, my harp is broke.
What words I sought to vest my thought
A wiser, nobler soul has taught.
And to his praise be all I spoke.

And friends, if any I have won,
If any lost where fortunes crossed
Or rocking waves me roughly tossed,
All, fare you well, when I am gone.

And, Alma Mater, fare thou well!
Ye blessed halls, remembered walls,
Though we must part when duty calls,
That I have loved you deeds shall tell.

DREIZEHNLINDEN.

“How pure and great must be this song, for in it holy souls of virginal purity have found a real and most touching language of the heart and of love.”

In conversation I once heard the remark that Weber exerts so powerful an influence upon the reader's mind that after turning several leaves of his poetry one feels like speaking in measures. This is more an effect of Weber's solid substance, which clings to the mind, than of his perfection in rhythm and rhyme. It proves the genuine natural poet to whom art is not a guide but merely a subservient factor.

For many years the public has not received a work of wider and deeper interest than the epic poem, *Dreizehnlinden*, by Fr. W. Weber. Redwitz's “Amaranth” and Scheffel's “Trompeter” met indeed, with a jubilant approbation from the press and reading world. As to enduring fame, however, and lasting influence neither can rival Weber's lyrical epic, which placed the author, known to a wider public for the first time, in the foremost rank of literary genius.

Other authors encounter severe and humiliating censures at the publication of their works. “*Dreizehnlinden*” was never found fault with. Germany, France, England, and America know nothing but the highest praise. Catholics love it and glory in it as a great achievement of a Cath-

olic poet; non-Catholics admire it as a blameless work of art. "The poem," say critics, "is conspicuous for power, brevity, and originality; language and verse are of the highest finish." "We find few works with less superfluous words; word and thought cover each other." "As long as German literature continues," says an American critic, "this epic will be admired as one of the most beautiful and richest pearls of German poetry." Should not this work, recommended by men of all denominations, attract our attention?

Epic is a field in which Weber holds his dexterous tournaments with greater assuredness of victory than any poet of recent date. His "Dreizehnlinden," an epic of twenty-five songs, records the peaceful victory of Christendom over Saxon paganism, in historically faithful pictures, in beautiful lyrical songs and lessons. It is a tender conception, linked to manly earnestness, with character-sketches and descriptions as fortes.

The poet treats a period in the reign of Louis the Pious, about 822 and 823. It is enacted in northern Germany, in the land of the Saxons, who have been conquered by Charlemagne and profess Catholic faith, but they love their beautiful Balder and mighty Wodan more dearly than Christ and God the Father. Many assist at secret sacrifices, and partake of the banquet of the gods, prepared and conducted by Swanahild, the old priestess.

The hero of the epic is Elmar, a young Saxon lord. From his infancy he was taught to hate the French and their new religion. His enmity with

the French ambassador; his love for Hildegunde, daughter of a French nobleman, residing in Germany; his baseful calumny and heavy punishment; his sickness in the monastery, Dreizehnlinden; his inner battles and final triumph, when at last the rays of Christian charity melted the icy crust on his obstinate Saxon heart: these constitute the essence of the entire song.

The underlying thought is as deep as it is great—the victory of Christianity over paganism. This was to be accomplished not by force, but by mild suasion. Charlemagne and Louis the Pious were aware that the stubborn Saxons could not be governed by mere physical force, and the best means was to lead them to the light of Christianity and to teach them gentler manners. Saxon power had, indeed, been broken, military expeditions were out of question; but Saxon hearts breathed vengeance, for the memory of the glorious achievements of their forefathers stood yet too vividly before their minds, their character was too stubborn and inflexible to bend to foreign rule.

The word of Christ was to accomplish what was impossible for all physical force. The victorious king sent missionaries to deprive the Saxons of spiritual liberty likewise. This religious warfare is beautifully shown by the poem. The principal characters are representatives of Christianity or paganism. The idea is great, indeed, and extraordinary power is required to bring it to a successful end.

Weber's character-sketches are executed with such masterly art that not even the least effort on

part of the poet to apply art is perceptible. The author does not hold up to us at once a complete picture of his heroes; we can watch him draw his figures with delicate lines till a beautiful form stands before us in its completeness.

Elmar, the hero of his song, is, undoubtedly, also his best character-sketch. We cannot omit to enter into details about so notable a personage, that gains the love of all as he is introduced for the first time. Elmar, descended from a noble family, is a young man in his best years. His outward appearance makes him at once attractive; strong and tall, as the Saxons were, in the full bloom of his youth. Hunting, adventures and war were his delights; though he never performs great feats in the epic, yet in his fever he dreams of bold deeds, which proves that he actually accomplished them in former years.

Such a person may, indeed, be a type of his people, and in such a body must dwell a noble and strong soul. This was, without doubt, the poet's conception. Elmar is not a military hero, but a hero of character, for the epic rests not on actions of prowess, but on the spiritual, inner life. Since the spiritual victory of Christianity over paganism is the moral, the hero must likewise be a religious one, who conquers the most obstinate enemy, his own nature, himself.

And truly, such a hero do we find in Elmar. His father had fallen in battle against the French, and entered with honorable wounds the Walhalla. Shortly after his mother also died and Elmar, full of hopes and aspirations, burning with hatred

against the French intruders and their new doctrine, stood all alone. Like a happy message did the war-call from the North sound in his ears, but his good old friend, Diethelm, holds sterner duties up to him. This was the first battle and duty overcomes the impetuous desires of his breast.

After this first and victorious encounter our hero enters upon a wide battle-field, where, after an apparent defeat, he shall receive the palm of victory. A clear mind, an undaunted will, and righteousness are his weapons, which heathen belief directs. He is loyal to his gods and loyal to those he loves. Therefore did his heart break when exiled through base calumny, when separated, perhaps for ever, from Hildegunde whom he loved. His exile, however, proved his salvation.

Sick in soul and body he is kindly sheltered by the monks of Dreizehnlinden. In dreams he lives his whole life over again, and Hildegunde, a Catholic maiden of French descent, is foremost in his troubled mind. He saw her sitting at his bedside, quiet, friendly, and never tired; his heart was drawn to her, but the cross on her breast repelled him.

Elmar's wound soon healed, his soul, however, had passed from darkness only to doubt. Could the fiery Saxon embrace the religion of his oppressors? Could he love what he was taught in early youth to hate? But Hildegunde professes that faith, and this thought draws him with no little force, for he could not suspect that his beloved were in the wrong. At last all doubt abates, he believes, is baptized, and resolves even to lead a

monastic life. But the last wish is not granted, for the world cannot spare so noble a personage; with Hildegunde as consort he was destined to govern the Saxons for many happy years.

If Elmar represents paganism, Hildegunde personifies Christianity, and in their union we celebrate the final victory of both. Elmar and Hildegunde were of equal age, and being playmates, they loved each other, as children are wont to do. Their youthful friendship grew into love, sincere and blameless. Compared with Elmar's the characterization of Hildegunde appears weak and less detailed. This was intentional, for Catholic faith was to conquer by its inner superiority, its intrinsic worth.

First the poet calls her a rose in the wild forest; at a feast she trembles slightly while presenting the cup to Elmar; when her beloved is falsely accused the timid dove does not venture to look at him, but secretly watches him as he leaves his home. But her noble soul is fully exposed in her songs. All her sorrows and doubtful hopes, her deep love and earnest yearnings she sings in beautiful strains.

Yet, there is no one to console her. Her heart was the prison of her love and often she opened the doors of this prison at the grave of her mother; but only in silent prayer, lest her mother's slumber might be disturbed, lest she should weep in Heaven over the affliction of her daughter. Hildegunde's prayer was heard; weeping angels carried it to Heaven. Her trust in Elmar never faltered and after long and patient waiting she

rested in his arms, weeping tears of joy in her sorrow at the coffin of her father. Such a figure is worthy, indeed, to enter upon a happy future at the side of Elmar.

Other characters also are very notable. Among these is Wala, the heathen priestess, a warm defender of paganism. Pride and obstinacy are pagan virtues; pride and obstinacy characterize the old Saxons; and the same qualities are found in the priestess. Aware that Christianity would overcome pagan belief, she resolutely determined not to witness the defeat of her gods and hence she leaves the land. But also many noble traits are found in the person most typical of paganism. "If characteristic individuality," says a critic, "plastic representation, and consequent execution are to decide, this character is the best in German literature."

There is one, apparently disagreeing figure in Dreizehnlinden, which demands our special attention. It is the Owl, representing the modern Zeitgeist. Art, say critics, to be lasting must be free from all tendencies. Furthermore, will modern ways harmonize with times long past? Will they not abstract from the purity of sketches? Weber was aware of all this. He knew well his times and anticipated objection if his work would stand defenseless before the public.

It is the calling of poets to represent truth and goodness in their beauty. If this is impossible, if impediments obstruct the poet's working, it is his duty to point them out, attack, and remove them. Hence the Owl, the spirit of negation and contra-

diction, that murmurs against everything religious, is not merely a figure of tendency, but a useful and necessary factor in contrast to truth and religion.

Weber in refuting the philosophy of the Owl, in exposing materialism and atheism with their numerous attendants has become a strong defender of Catholic faith. Could we not expect that the poet, whose main object was to celebrate the triumph of Christianity over unbelief, would picture Catholic faith in its brightest light, as did Dante, Tasso, Calderon, etc? Weber surrounds paganism with a shining nimbus; the old gods are introduced in all their imposing majesty as they lived in the belief of the people; nothing is omitted that might support the strength of heathen worship. Christianity is represented but in its simplicity to recount a more glorious victory. The power of truth, assisted by divine grace, was to vanquish paganism, which seemingly possessed wondrous strength. Catholic victory, therefore, is not an achievement of human ability, but a work of God.

The muse of poesy smiled at Goethe while yet in his cradle; God had impressed the poetic seal upon his brow. Weber was less fortunate. He had to wend his ways through all difficulties and over all obstacles in life. But men like Weber, with so strong a personal character, will sing at all times the old and ever new in such a manner as to give it renewed currency. Weber's soul was filled with beautiful and noble ideals, his nature had such an inner depth as but few possess, and the fire of national poetry and lyric song sud-

denly burst forth after it had slumbered for so many years. The eve of his life was gilded by a glorious twilight. That Weber is truly a German poet is evident from his continual striving after great thoughts, from his spirit of opposition, love of liberty. He is German also in all his characters, German in wide sympathy, in manners and life, in shortcomings, hopes and aspirations, German in love and sincere friendship.

“The only authority in life and poetry is the heart, whence divine poetry gushes forth,” remarks a critic. “Dreizehnlinden” is not like “Goetz” or “Werther,” which contain numerous dangerous passages. Goethe’s poetry strives to widen itself continually, but as the poet is too weak to overlook and connect everything, it tears. Schiller rises upward by transmutation and ennobling of the real. The higher he soars the stronger flows the fountain of pure poetry; but his song is silenced when he arrives at eternal truths, where he reaches out into uncertainty.

Weber’s poetry is, indeed, not a tree with enticing poisonous fruits, as Goethe’s and Schiller’s may often be called. The poet of “Dreizehnlinden” proceeds on a well drawn plan. Like a miner he seeks pure metal, and judiciously separates the refuse from gold. Hardly a word is unintentional and light; each bears its weight, and heavy weight. His figures have real worth beyond the esthetic. Nor is he an Anakreon, whose songs were dedicated to the glory of Amor; neither a Mirza Schaffy, who found greatest delight in merriment, wine and love. Weber’s muse is more

serious and takes higher, nobler flights.

"Dreizehnlinden," then, a lasting monument of the poet and of Catholic faith, is an almost faultless work of art, a bright ornament in German literature, a source of delight to all lovers of poetry, and more so a just joy for every Catholic heart. It is a classic poem with this great prerogative that it may confidently be given to men in any stage of life, for even youth can gather mental riches here, study character and virtue. Every verse, every line may be made one's own without fear that a single drop of poison should fall on our mind and infect it. May this noble work continue, as it undoubtedly has done, to elicit love for poetry and art, for virtue and religion, for God and the country.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

EVENING BELLS.

A sacred quiet rests on hill and dale,
The birds cease in their song;
A heav'nly greeting, heart-consoling tale,
Rings in the church-bell's gong.

So merrily the echo rings and sings;
From ev'ry tower it sounds
"Ave Maria," travels fast and swings
Itself to heav'nly grounds.

And as it sounds my thoughts are roaming far,
Recalling childhood days,
When oft at eve I wept o'er my lost star
That ne'er illumed my ways.

With peaceful voice, O ringing ev'ning bell,
Thou callest all to rest;
From countless stars mild light streams to my cell,
The quiet earth is blest.

A heav'nly light, celestial longing fill
My soul with purest love.
The flowers bow their head, the brook is still,
I think of one above.

The moon pours silver o'er the dark'ning night
And ghastly shadows rise;
Before me lies the marble, cold and white—
A goal for fools and wise.

The moonlight pale reveals the dearest name,
A name writ in my heart;
And 'neath the willow's shade a figure came
That at life's morn did part.

Beloved image! Sweetest dreams of youth
You wake from night and grave;
Sweet dreams, that n'er in life to me were truth,
For which I always crave.

Beloved face, wert thou reality!
Could only once my lips
But whisper "mother dear," be blessed by thee!—
The shadow from me slips.

But in thy bliss, adorned with triumph's crown,
Thou see'st with angel's eye
Thy son; and when my course is run come down,
With me to Heaven fly.

Thy vict'ry's palm fan me to endless sleep,
Thy splendor be my guide:
And then, dear happy mother, I shall reap
Rich fruit at a mother's side.

Thy prayers' blessing aids the child each day.
 As to a star to thee
 I turn, lead thou me on! Could I repay
 All thou obtain'st for me!

Ye flowers, grown from fervent tears, ye hide
 A nobler, dearer heart
 Than yomp; ye breathe sweet peace, and worldly
 pride
 Ye call an empty part.

Let peace, God's holy peace bedew this grave
 And blessings o'er it pour:
 A noble heart lies buried 'neath time's wave;
 Alas, for me 'twas more!

"Ave Maria" rings the ev'ning bell—
 Greet me the one above!
 "Ave Maria" sounds in dream the knell—
 As I dreamt of her I love.

THE CONTRAST IN THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE".

I t is not our intent to add, if we can, more praise to Shakespeare's illustrious fame. The "swan of Avon" has sung his song, but has not passed away from the eyes of the dramatic world, though the theater-going society is gradually turning towards other stage-effects which the dramas of Shakespeare will not allow to so great an extent. His strength lies in personal acting, in the individual man portraying the character drawn by the master. And Shakespeare is the master both in tragedy and comedy. At first sight the "Mer-

chant of Venice'' would seem a strange combination of both, but upon a little study we are better informed. A humorous vein runs through every act; the drollery of the light-heartedness of Gratiano keeps up the humor. Had the drama closed with the trial scene we would have to reproach the author, but the delightful moon-lit garden scene, the disclosure of the ruses of Portia and Nerissa leave a pleasing impression upon the audience.

The Jews were hated in England and persecuted after their exile in 1290. Shakespeare, therefore, dare not take the Jew serious, he dare not leave the cruel usurer have the bond; but his better sense also tells him, they are too much despised, and for that reason cruel. He must ingeniously follow a "strange diagonal."

Despite this, Shakespeare performed a marvel of workmanship. The fallen state of the Jewish race in all its most salient characteristics is depicted in Shylock. The two prime passions of his nation—greed of money and hatred of Christians—are most strikingly represented in him. But Shylock's greed of money is greater than his hatred of Christianity. He despises Antonio because

"he is a Christian.

But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

He could not live among Christians if his money held him not there. All this makes him the more despised. He may writhe in his agony,

he may be stiffnecked, he may revile and repay insult with insult, but he must at length succumb. He is too weak to fight the enemy and too proud to conciliate him.

The avengeful spirit alone of Shylock against Antonio equals his greed of money. He will forfeit the three thousand ducats, nay, twice, three times and twenty times the sum, but he will have his bond.

“I’ll have my bond; speak not against my bond.”
He stands upon his bond with a dogged tenacity and stubbornness, and will not

“Shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.”

It must go hard with poor Antonio if the law will have its course, but the savior, Portia, the bright-faced friend, is aware of the danger.

Her character, as “bright as the sun and as beneficent,” causes a sigh of relief to escape when she appears on the stage. She, like Shylock, is surrounded by riches, but her jewels have double value because she is ever ready to sacrifice them for charity. All splendor was at her bidding, but she will not have it unless others can also enjoy it. Her wealth serves to enhance her richly endowed nature.

As the plot of the bond so also is that of the caskets, by which Portia should not be able to choose her husband, somewhat repugnant. But this is, to a great extent, counterbalanced by that suitor choosing the right casket whom she loved. Portia submits and still is made happy by the prudent selection of Bassanio. She knows the

casket but will not be forsworn. Bassanio chose right and both are made the happier for the fear of disappointment. But merriment is disturbed by the news from Antonio,

“My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit.”

And love persuades Bassanio to come and see Antonio pay the debt if he cannot save him.

Now appear at their best the high intellectual powers of Portia. Her husband's “bosom-lover” is already being torn by the fangs of the cur. Her bright eye is watchful. Being eminently practical in her turn of mind she found means to attend the trial of Antonio in the guise of a doctor of laws.

The trial scene is the climax; the most complete result of dramatic art is reached. Here stands relentless fury against amiability, masculine force against feminine grace, revenge against love, justice against mercy, Shylock against Portia. The Jew will have his bond. He stands upon the law and the law favors his claim. If he relents not it will have its course. If there were the least shadow of human feeling in Shylock he must yield to the forcible appeal of Portia,

“The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath;” etc.

But as once his blinded forefathers he muttered:

“My deeds upon my head.”

Mercy seems dead, Portia conquered, and Shylock the victor. Portia must not worst the law to suit her purpose; she must not

“To do a great right do a little wrong,”

but she will conquer the Jew upon fairer grounds.

Shylock is clutching his knife in one hand, his bond in the other; hellish vengeance creeps over his haggard countenance and deepest hatred dwells in his heart. There is Antonio, broken down by affliction, yet borne up by love, baring his breast for the stroke that shall pay his forfeited bond. There is Bassanio, the greater debtor for love, pleading for mercy and receiving coldness. There is Portia, the wise judge, whose heart is not less afflicted by her judgment than Antonio's.

“The law allows it, and the court awards it.”

Then Shylock's greedy answer:

“Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!”

and he sees his victim already writhing at his feet, he stretches out his hand to seize it, he is ready to plunge his cruel steel into Antonio's breast, to drink his life-blood; but the prize was a phantom, and the nearer it seemed to his grasp the greater the disappointment—the blow of his sword fell upon himself. The Jew's spirit is broken; his victim escaped; his life with Christians is impossible now, because his goods are forfeited and he has no other hold upon their interest. He leaves the court more despised and weaker than before.

Shakespeare lends himself to some extent to the prejudice of the Christians against the Jews, but he also points out the reasons why the Jews were such obstinate and revengeful characters. First they are hated; they had also suffered much as Shylock says:

“For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.”

But when they are trodden under foot and despised they can hate likewise,

"If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suffrance be by Christian example? Why, revenge."

Shylock everywhere has the better of the argument and it is only by a legal quibble that his strength is broken. Portia cannot win him by a thrilling speech or logic; her practical mind invents another means. Her cleverness is greater than the Jew's stubbornness, her charity conquers his hate. Though she is wise and possesses high mental powers and decision of purpose, she is not a man, her womanly grace is not lost—her tender feminine character shines through the doctor's gown. She is ingenious without becoming eccentric, strong yet graceful, just yet merciful. Antonio she protects because he well deserves her love; to Shylock she shows only justice because he clung so tenaciously to the law it shall have its fullest course, he shall experience all its rigor.

Shylock is ingenious, but in him ingenuity becomes the most devilish trickery. Like a vile flatterer when he speaks pleasantest he is most to be feared. When the Jew bids Antonio to be friends and "in a merry sport" to seal his bond, he is devising his most dispicable plans. Bassanio sees the trickery when he says

"I like not fair terms and a villain's mind."

Let them beware the Jew is but taking his dues for their reviling and scorn.

"Fair sir, you spit upon me Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You called me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Even the fair-minded Antonio is not free from

hatred against the Jews, and even while he needed Shylock's help he reviled him saying:

“I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again and spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends.”

Portia likewise is ingenious, but also upright. She does not take recourse to vile flattery and low means to attain her end, neither does she work for an unworthy end. Antonio must be saved and her mind is set on this one object. Her actions are prompted not by the hatred of the Jewish nation but by true charity towards the ill-treated Antonio. She alone of all the characters is free from this stain, hatred of any of her fellow-men. Only after she has made an appeal for mercy does she have recourse to the last and only means of saving her friend. Antonio is freed from the fangs of the beast, Shylock, and she can repay him.

Mercy could not bend the Jew, so justice must break the cruel oppression. Portia has acted her part well. Though she had stated: “My little body is aweary of this great world,” she takes active part in the strifes when she might have enjoyed her riches in ease and pleasure. Her riches she will impart to others, then only will she be content, and she may say, not in pride, still with satisfaction:

“That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY
 DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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✎ It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

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EDITORIALS.

Not only this scholastic year but also the college course has ended for us. Ready to bid a last farewell to our cherished Alma Mater we cannot refrain from showing her our sincerest gratitude and filial attachment. Many thanks, dear Rev. President and professors, for all the care and solicitude you showed us. The future shall witness that truly loyal sons bid adieu to their Alma Mater.

Among the worthy guests who favored us with their presence at commencement we have the honor to record the Rt. Rev. Dennis O'Donaghue, D. D., Bishop-Auxiliary of Indianapolis, Ind. The dignitary has gained the affection of all inmates, who gratefully thank him for the favor of witnessing our exercises. Would that we might fully realize the truth of his thought-laden address, and that his noble words constantly ring in our ears to caution and direct us. His promise to revisit St. Joseph's fills our hearts with glad anticipation.

On June the 20th we were honored with a visit by the Rt. Rev. John Shanley, D. D., Bishop of Fargo, N. Dak. As the diocese of Fort Wayne is always yet without a bishop the Rt. Rev. J. Shanley came to administer the sacrament of Confirmation in our neighboring city, Rensselaer, on the day of St. Aloysius.

Those who interest themselves in the Collegian will remember that "William Tell" was on our stage not so very long ago. The same drama was selected as commencement play. Earnest and assiduous practise has greatly improved upon it. Whatever had been overlooked the first time, whatever had been wanting or misapplied in execution, was carefully bettered at the second rendition. The praise given by our visitors ought to satisfy the members of the C. L. S. and encourage them to produce similar or even more difficult plays.

It has been and still is the custom of papers and journals to reprint the encomiums bestowed upon them by others. Whether it is a wise policy

or merely a mode of indirect flattery we will not decide. It is our idea that a college paper ought to recommend itself by itself. That was our ambition and upon this principle we labored.

The year's work has not ended without abundant fruit. Glancing back over the course which has been run we must smile at the little confidence we at times placed in ourselves. Now every obstacle has been mastered; though they seemed at first towering rocks, yet we arrived at the summit by a gradual ascent. Experience has made us wiser, wise as to our own selves and wise as to our relation with others.

"Praise," to quote Bacon, "is the reflection of virtue." Recalling criticisms passed by one exchange upon its neighbor we might wish that Bacon had not uttered this sentence, for many a writer feels himself highly flattered when his limping efforts found nothing but praise. Indeed many possess an extraordinary knack to use their crutches as stilts, but unfortunately such stilts often break when passing through the deepest water.

"What," cried the hero of a play, "a friend! and thou wouldst screen my faults." Poor, hapless man, thrown into a world of beings "*qui non id videbantur accusare quod esset accusandum.*" Though more often our exchange columns serve for low, political purposes, they have, nevertheless, a wholesome effect. The outlook in the beginning of this year regarding literary merit was discouraging. Soon, however, a mighty tide set in and from that time on this year's college journalism compares very favorably with former volumes.

The seeker of wisdom must set himself a high aim, an aim that demands the very best of efforts if it shall be reached. Art, indeed, allures, but can a young aspirant ever nourish the hope of attainment? It were foolish demand to expect perfection from a tyro. The Parnassian road is open to all, though but a few favored ones may reach its end. The ring of the lyre ought always float over the pages of college journals, even if it be but a mere tinkle. Old Appollo, sad to say, had few scholars this year. Essay was hitched to essay without interspersing a little poem.

Are there no subjects worthy of rythm and rhyme? Can truth and beauty ever be divested of their charm? Has nature lost its poetic side, or is the human soul not always the same? "*Fortes fortuna adjuvat*" be a motto and never think, as one of our exchanges remarked, to fail in poetry. A little thing and little thought, nicely set in a neat frame, will undoubtedly find appreciation. Of course, we could not expect a Shelley or a Tennyson.

We gratefully acknowledge the many kind notices and encouragements received from exchanges and cheerfully extend a hand of good fellowship to the outgoing editors. Well-meant praise should meet with well-meant acknowledgment. Also to those who are anxiously awaiting their turn to stand before the public, we bring sincere wishes of success. Let the future show that they have not merely built air-castles, but that their aspirations are based on thorough preparation and upheld by lasting virtue.

OUR FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT may be considered the criterion of the entire scholastic year, for the crown must be proportioned to the merits. As such our this year's commencement speaks very favorably. That the faculty and the students endeavor to put out their best on these days is quite evident. No work was left undone to enhance the celebration and to render our fifth commencement worthy of the occasion and interesting to visiting relatives and friends. Here we might aptly apply the old saying: "All 's well that ends well." How could it be otherwise? When the weather is favorable, when the environments are in good trim, flowers breathing fragrance, trees offering pleasant shade and when all the inmates join to make it as pleasant as possible; we cannot fail to meet with success.

On Wednesday, June 13, most of our visitors arrived; many came yet on Thursday and Friday. The regular commencement program opened Thursday, June 14, with divine service. It could not have been begun on a more glorious day than Corpus Christi. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. Walser, Carthagen, O. Rev. C. Hummer assisted as deacon, Rev. N. Welsch as subdeacon, and Rev. L. Rath performed the duties of master of ceremonies.

The College choir, directed by Father Justin, greatly enhanced the ceremonies by befitting mu-

sic. Far from saying that our choir is unrivaled in precision and delivery, yet it may glory in this that no other but pure church music is rendered. Following is the program for Corpus Christi: Introitus, choral; Kyrie and Gloria, Piel's opus 51; Graduale and Sequence, Fr. Koenen's opus 23; Credo, Fr. Witt's opus 1 c; Offertory, P. Piel; Sanctus and Agnus Dei, Witt's opus 1 c, Benedictus, Piel's opus 51; Communion, choral.

When High Mass was over the ever memorable Corpus Christi procession followed. Of all ceremonies in the Catholic Church processions with the Blessed Sacrament are most imposing. Devotion forces itself upon us; we pray with seemingly more fervor and confidence. Can we conceive something more sublime on earth than to chant the glories of the Creator in nature's wide and verdant halls, while the same Lord is actually present, accompanying us? The procession, passing through the grove, went to the grotto of our Lady of Lourdes, where an altar had been erected. Having arrived at this altar Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was given and the procession started back again, all singing hymns or saying prayers. It is elevating, indeed, to hear sacred melodies sung in the open air by a good choir. Following pieces were rendered by the choir during the procession: Pange Lingua, choral; Laud a Sion, M. Haller; Sacris Solemniis, C. Jaspers; Laud a Sion, C. Jaspers; Magnificat, choral; Tantum Ergo, M. Haller; and one by P. Aiblinger. Once more Benediction was given in the Chapel and the powerful hymn "Te Deum" closed divine

services for the morning.

At 2:30 all inmates and guests of the College repaired to the campus where a competitive drill was to be performed by the St. Joseph's College battalion. Not only were our guests to witness this exhibition but a vast crowd of other spectators; the road leading to Rensselaer was alive with buggies and bicycles—all were crowding to the College. The city band, marching ahead of all, was received with loud acclamations of welcome. When the battalion had satisfied the spectators, when the college and city band had given us the best of their pieces, the speaker of the day, Rev. F. Wiechman, of Gas City, Ind., mounted the platform.

As this brilliant speaker faced his audience everybody crowded around the stand to catch each word. One must lend him his whole attention, so strong is the force of his delivery. The principal drifts of Father Wiechman's speech were the excellency and superiority of our government and the glory of being a citizen of this great Union. His words could not fail to rouse enthusiasm in the breast of every true American. Besides many weighty utterances, worthy to be treasured up in the mind of loyal citizens, the Chaplain said: "It is worth the sacrifice of lives to know that slavery does not exist any longer, that every one is at liberty to worship according to his own conscience." Old, indeed, but ever loved.

The judges who were to pass upon the merits of the drills, decided that company A is entitled

to the flag. Upon this the City band played a lively air and marched back, followed by a train of citizens.

An hour later the College band and the military went out to meet our principal guest, the Rt. Rev. D. O'Donaghue, D. D., Bishop-Auxiliary of Indianapolis. The president together with the faculty and visiting priests received the dignitary at the entrance of the College.

Now the number of guests was complete and the best treat could be given them. At 8:15 all assembled in the auditorium to witness the rendition of "William Tell," a tragedy in five acts, by the Very Rev. J. H. Oechtering, Ft. Wayne, Ind. The Columbians, under whose auspices the play was given, no doubt, put forth their every effort to please and entertain the audience. In this they evidently succeeded. The play closed the festivities of the first day and no one could say this day had in any way been unsatisfactory.

On Friday the regular program opened with divine service at 7:30. Solemn High Mass (coram episcopo) was celebrated by Rev. A. Seifert, Rector of St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O. Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind., assisted as deacon; Rev. J. Kubacki, Reynolds, Ind., as subdeacon; the Very Rev. J. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind., as master of ceremonies. The following is the program of our choir: Introitus, Graduale, Communion, choral; Missa in Hon. Sanctae Luciae and Offertory, Fr. Witt.

After Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop had a plain and pious treatise on the greatness and necessity

of the sacrament of confirmation. He artfully connected it with circumstances of the present time, thus bringing things better home to us. Having exhorted all to stand as brave soldiers of the Church and never to disgrace the armor of Christ by infamy or cowardice, he proceeded to administer the sacrament of confirmation. The choir closed divine service by the solemn "Confirma hoc Deus," by M. Haller.

At 10:30 the closing exercises began. The College orchestra opened the program with a select piece of D. Ferrazzi. Then followed the class program. Mr. Joseph Meyer spoke his salutatory with candor and sincerity; Mr. Edmund Ley recited the class poem with a remarkably fine interpretation; Mr. William Hordeman captivated the audience by the forcible delivery of his class oration; the valedictory, by Mr. Louis Dabbelt, was the best of these exercises; strong love and attachment to his Alma Mater and the inmates was more strikingly brought out in the delivery than it was embodied in the composition.

Upon the request of our President, Father Benedict, the Rt. Rev. Bishop handed the diplomas to the class of 1900. Of course, little disappointments are met with all over. The Firm being rather tardy in sending the medals; the persons entitled to distinctions could only be named. The sustained cheering and constant applause gave ample proof of the sympathy and good wishes between graduates and fellow-students and visiting friends.

After the exercises and ceremonies the Rt.

Rev. D. O'Donaghue addressed the audience in words of real eloquence. The whole speech was a beautiful collection of necessary truths, golden kernels of genuine practical knowledge. The one thread running through the whole, was life in its reality as perceived by a practical mind. Every sentence was worth to be stored away and to be thought over again each day. "In college," he said, "we but sharpen our tools for entering real life." And would that all might heed his one admonition: "Be always yourself; never step out of your shadow." As he concluded with the desire and promise to visit St. Joseph's again a thunder of applause followed. As soon as the enthusiasm abated a little the College choir rendered the grand composition of Fr. Schubert, "Die Allmacht." This closed the commencement exercises of 1900.

We rest assured that the solemnities of these days have surpassed the expectations of all. Extending our heartfelt thanks to all friends and patrons of St. Joseph's for their interest and attention, we cordially hope that they will spend with us many a commencement similar to that just enjoyed.

ATHLETICS.

The St. Xaviers met and defeated the St. Aquinos on Sunday, June 3. Ley pitched excellently and would have won his game had his teammates supported him properly. The St. Aquinos seemed to be disheartened when the St. Xaviers scored three runs in the first inning, and after that they did not play their usual snappy game.

The score:

St. Aquino Hall.						St. Xavier Hall.					
	R	H	P	A	E		R	H	P	A	E
Eder, c	1	0	4	2	2	Koenig, c f	2	1	1	0	0
Hoerstman, 3 b	0	2	2	1	2	Schaefer, l f	1	0	0	0	0
Wahl, c f	2	3	1	0	0	Stoltz, c	3	2	4	2	1
Ley, p	1	1	4	3	1	Monin, 2 b	0	1	4	2	0
Arnold, 1 b	0	1	9	1	1	Smith, 3 b	2	0	1	1	2
Sulzer, l f	0	1	1	0	0	Didier, s s	1	0	1	2	1
Welsh, 2 b	2	2	2	2	2	Grube, r f	1	1	0	0	0
Donahue, r f	1	1	0	0	0	Reineck, 1 b	1	1	10	0	1
VanFlandern, ss	1	0	3	3	2	Kramer, p	2	2	6	4	0
Totals	8	11	26	12	10	Totals	13	8	27	11	5

St. Aquino Club, 2 1 0 0 0 1 1 3 0—8.

St. Xavier Club, 3 1 0 1 2 2 1 3 0—13.

Bases on balls, Kramer, 1; Ley, 3. Struck out, by Kramer, 7; by Ley, 6. Passed ball, Eder. Hit by pitched ball, by Kramer, 2; by Ley, 1. Time of game—1: 50. Umpires, Messrs. Hinen and Bellersen.

The St. Aquino and St. Xavier Clubs met on the diamond for the last time this season on June 12. As both teams had two games to their credit, and as the Inter Hall Championship depended up-

on the result of this game, the fans had good reason to expect an exciting and brilliant contest; but the St. Aquinos had decided that they would win out by heavy hitting, and how well they succeeded the summary will show. Kramer received the worst drubbing he has experienced this season, and one which shows what the St. Aquinos can do with the stick when they work with united efforts. The feature of the game was a triple play in the third inning by Ley, Welsh, Arnold, Eder, and Hoerstman of the St. Aquinos. This play, of rare occurrence, was executed with a quickness that almost took the breath of the St. Xaviers, and showed the great team work of the St. Aquinos.

The summary.

St. Aquino Club, 0 3 4 2 1 8 2 4 X—24.

St. Xavier Club, 0 1 1 0 1 0 2 3 0—8.

Two-base hits, Eder, Koenig, Stoltz. Bases on balls, Kramer, 3; Ley, 2. Passed ball, Stoltz. Hit by pitched ball, Wahl. Struck out, by Kramer, 4; by Ley, 2. Time of game—2. 10. Umpire, Messrs. Fendig and Hinen.

THE TENNIS CONTEST.

On picnic day Messrs. V. Schuette and C. Mohr, representing the south side tennis club, played three sets with Messrs. W. Arnold and I. Rapp, representing the north side club. The contest was very exciting and proved to be one of the best drawing cards of the day's sport. The work of Messrs. Arnold and Rapp was not as good as could perhaps be expected. It was a disadvantage to both sides that none of the players are regular

partners, which is almost necessary to be successful in double handed tennis playing. The best features of the contest were the serving of Schuette and the returning of Arnold. The summary of the sets is as follows:

First set:	Schuette and Mohr,	5 games;
	Arnold and Rapp,	6 games;
Second set:	Schuette and Mohr,	6 games;
	Arnold and Rapp,	5 games;
Third set:	Schuette and Mohr,	6 games;
	Arnold and Rapp,	2 games.

THE TRACK MEET.

On Monday, June 11, the much talked about and long desired track meet was held. The condition of the weather and the trim of the members was against making any good record. Considering the novelty of track exercises at St. Joseph's and the obstacles, the participants are to be congratulated upon the good showing. William Arnold was the hero of the meet, having the highest number of points and carrying off six first prizes. McGill, Van Flandern, and Ley made also a creditable show and we entertain great hopes for the future. Arnold and Welsh were the best in weight events; Arnold, Sulzer, and McGill were the strongest in the runs; Arnold, Ley, and Van Flandern proved best in the jumps; McGill and Van Flandern led in field events. Following is the summary:

100 yard dash—Arnold, first; McGill, second; Sulzer, third. Time, 0: 10—6—7.

40 yard hurdle—McGill, first; Van Flandern, second; Arnold, third. Time, 0: 62—5.

One mile run—Van Flandern, first; Smith, second; Buchman, third. Time, 5: 46.

50 yard dash—Arnold, first; Sulzer, second; McGill, third. Time, 0: 5.

Running high jump—Arnold, first; McGill, second; Studer, third. Height, 5 ft. 4 inches.

Running broad jump—Arnold, first; Van Flandern, second; Ley, third. Distance, 18½ feet.

Standing broad jump—Ley, first; Arnold, second; McGill, third. Distance, 9 ft. 10 inches.

Putting 12 pound shot—Welsh, first; Ley, second; Donahue, third. Distance, 36 ft. 5 inches.

Throwing 12 pound hammer—Arnold, first; Donahue, second; Welsh, third. Distance, 71 ft.

Pole vault—Van Flandern, first; Wahl, second; Ley, third. Height, 8 ft. 11 inches.

Hop, step and jump—Arnold, first; Van Flandern, second; McGill, third. Distance, 36 ft. 11 in.

E. WILLS, '03.

FIELD DAY.

There is nothing that will so much foster true fellowship among a student body as some public celebration, common picnic, and the like. And if these should happen to fall immediately after the semi-annual and final examinations we can scarcely overestimate the joyousness of the students. Such was the case with us at St. Joseph's. June 12, was set apart as the day of our annual picnic. The day previous the last work was done in the class-room and now all were ready for the sport which before might have been damped by fearful anticipation.

Since the first inauguration of this annual celebration under the direction of Rev. B. Boebner, up to this time, no day in all the scholastic year, commencement excepted, is looked for with such expectation as our annual field day. Joy played merrily on the countenances of the students, and every one firmly purposed to enjoy this day to his heart's content.

The day was opened by the exhilarating notes of the military band, marching to the Ersingnian park, where all arrangements for sport and enjoyment had been made previously. Various entertainments and manifold sports and contests, among which lawn tennis was the most prominent and exciting, occupied the hours of the forenoon.

At 11.30 the bugle sounded the dinner hour

and called all to the festal board prepared in the park. The afternoon was equally interesting, being taken up to a great extent by baseball games, the S. A. C. against the S. X. C. and the Fogies against the Chinamen. The first game was at times dull at times interesting; an account will be found on another page. The second was exciting, novel, and without a parallel. The costumes of participants together with their odd rules of baseball game were alike perplexing. The latter proved that for that hour they were no Americans and judging from the former they might have been Hungarians or Boors, some Chinamen, others Arabs or Esquimaux. All this was brought to a climax by their ridiculous and contrary acting which caused great laughter among the spectators. The exercises were frequently interspersed with a musical selection by the College band and the famous Crony band.

At 5.30 supper was served. But even the evening was not left unimproved. At 7.30 an elaborate program was rendered in the College auditorium. A selection by the College orchestra opening the program, was followed by a farce, entitled "April Fools." The participant characters, members of the C. L. S., never failed in exciting the laughter and applause of the audience. The role is as follows:

P. Welsh, W. Arnold, E. Werling.

This number was followed by a German farce, "Revanche," which was still more comical and laughter-provoking.

 Characters:

Suessholz.....D. Neuschwanger.
 Mandelmilch.....B. Holler.
 Kratzfuss.....H. Seiferle.
 Schreiber.....M. Ehleringer.
 Heinrich.....I. Rapp.

This was, indeed, a fitting finale to the highly enjoyed day.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to the committee of arrangement, to Brother Victor, and especially to our Rev. President for the kindness in giving this day and for rendering it one of bright merriment and sincere fellowship.



EXCHANGES.

In recent years it has become a habit with some writers to ridicule the sentiments and aspirations of "commencement-orators," to sneer at their noble resolutions, and to characterize them as mere spouters of eloquence. As far as our experience goes, we have invariably found that this class of people harbor a hardly less discouraging opinion of college journalism. To them it is only a loss of time for the student, a cheat upon the public, and a mere advertising scheme. But strange as it is, these very writers (generally editors of news papers) do not hesitate to reproduce entire articles from college journals. Now, if there were nothing else to vindicate the existence of college journals, this fact alone would certainly do so. However, since we all know that such acknowledgments are entirely unsought for and only incidental triumphs of college journalism, we may justly conclude that college journalism has faithfully fulfilled its mission also during this closing scholastic year.

It would be of little avail now to review the work of the entire year, for many of us will bid adieu to college journalism and a few that remain are aware of its defects as well as we are.—We congratulate all of our esteemed exchanges upon their success in the journalistic field and gratefully acknowledge the kind encouragements which they have so generously bestowed upon our journal.

THEODORE A. SAURER, '00.

AWARDING OF MEDALS.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in Religion was awarded to

JOHN SEITZ.

Donor, Very Rev. J. Dinnen, Lafayette; Ind.
Next in Merit:

Louis Dabbelt,
Edmund Ley.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in English Literature was awarded to

EDMUND A. A. LEY.

Donor, Rev. F. Wiechman, Gas City, Ind.
Next in Merit:

William Hordeman,
Henry Bernard.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in Mathematics was awarded to

HENRY J. BERNARD.

Donor, Rev. J. B. Berg, Remington, Ind.
Next in Merit:

John Seitz,
Louis Dabbelt.

The Gold Medal for the highest honors in the Normal Department was awarded to

JOHN SEITZ.

Donor, Very Rev. Henry Drees.
Next in Merit:

Henry Bernard,
Joseph Meyer.

The Gold Medal for the highest honors in the

Commercial Department was awarded to

LOUIS A. DABBELT.

Donor, Rev. F. Walser.

Next in Merit:

Joseph Trentman.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in German was awarded to

LOUIS A. DABBELT.

Next in Merit:

John Seitz.

Donor, Rev. Ulrich F. Mueller, Collegeville, Ind.

The Gold Medal for the Military was awarded to

WILLIAM B. HORDEMAN.

Donor, St. Joseph's College.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon:

William B. Hordeman,

Edmund A. A. Ley.

Certificates for the successful completion of the Normal Course were awarded to:

John Seitz,

Joseph A. Meyer,

Henry J. Bernard,

Certificates for the successful completion of the Commercial Course were awarded to:

Louis A. Dabbelt,

Joseph B. Trentman.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, M. Donohue, H. Froning, R. Goebel, P. Hartman, C. Hils, E. Hoffman, H. Hoerstman, A. Kamm, J. Lemper, E. Ley, E. Lonsway, A. McGill, J. Meyer, H. Metzdorf, H. Muehler, J. Mutch, J. Sanderell, M. Schumacher, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, G. Studer, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, J. Trentman, P. Wahl, P. Welsh, E. Werling, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Buchman, C. Eder, C. Ellis, C. Fisher, W. Flaherty, A. Hepp, J. Hildebrand, A. Junk, W. Keilman, J. Naughton, T. Hammes, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, L. Wagner.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the last month. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent are found in the second paragraph.

90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, M. Ehleringer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, C. Grube, S. Hartman, E. Hefelee, J. Hildebrand, E. Hoffman, W. Hordeman, X. Jaeger, A. Koenig, M. Koester, T. Kramer, S. Kremer, J. Lemper, E. Lonsway, H. Metzdorf, A. McGill, C. Mohr, R. Monin, J. Mutch, D. Neuschwanger, C. Olberding, A. Schaefer, A. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, M. Schumacher, A. Schuette, R. Schwieterman, J. Seitz, H. Seiferle, B. Staiert, J. Steinbrunner, F. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, I. Wagner, P. Welsh, E. Wills,

84-90 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, E. Cook, C. Eder, C. Fisher, W. Flaherty, E. Flaig, T. Hammes, A. Hepp, C. Hils, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, L. Huber, A. Junk, A. Kamn, W. Keilman, E. Ley, L. Linz, J. Meyer, S. Meyer, H. Muehler, J. Naughton, R. Reineck, J. Sanderell, V. Sibold, R. Smith, R. Stoltz, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, J. Trentman, C. VanFlantern, L. Wagner, E. Werling.



